



Lord Byron's defence in the matter  
of the Stowe scandal

PR  
4382  
L59



The J. C. Saul Collection  
of  
Nineteenth Century  
English Literature

Purchased in part  
through a contribution to the  
Library Funds made by the  
Department of English, in  
University College.

*In the Matter of the Stowe Scandal.*

---

# LORD BYRON'S DEFENCE.



"CREDE BYRON."

LONDON:  
PUBLISHED AT No. 183, STRAND.  
(*Price Sixpence.*)



ME  
B/3967157

*In the Matter of the Stowe Scandal.*

---

# LORD BYRON'S DEFENCE.



"CREDE BYRON."

381390  
A. 6. 40

LONDON:  
PUBLISHED AT No. 183, STRAND.

MDCCCLXIX.

PR  
4382  
L59



# LORD BYRON'S DEFENCE.

---

“I know no justification, at any distance of time, for calumniating an historical character; surely truth belongs to the dead, and to the unfortunate.”—*Preface to MARINO FALIERO.*

## I.

O WOMAN, woman, in our hours of ease,  
As Scott has sung in namby-pamby verses,  
You do your little all to try and tease,  
And gain thereby our heartiest, soundest curses;  
When pain and sickness come, you pet and please,  
And soothe our souls, I don't know which the  
worse is;  
I only know how badly you behave  
When spitting spiteful venom o'er the grave.

## II.

Who is this Mrs. Stowe? her name, thank God,  
Was never one familiar to my ear;  
Her country was a land I never trod,  
Although I travelled often far and near.  
They say that she's a woman, that is odd—  
To women, as a rule, my verse is dear.  
Perchance she's some forlorn, neglected beauty,  
Or else—her husband doesn't do his duty.

## III.

I can't console her in the flesh, I can't  
Revisit "glimpses of the moon" to make  
Poor Mr. Stowe unhappy; and I sha'n't  
Leave good men in these Shades for woman's sake;  
So Stowe may rest in peace. I only want  
To know why all this trouble she should take.  
I might have needed once a moral teacher;  
*N'importe*—but damn this sanctimonious Beecher!



## IV.

They say she comes from Puritanic sect,  
A strait-laced crew that gentlemen disdain,  
Self-righteous and most damnably stiffneck'd,  
Like Cowley's Holy Sister. It is plain,  
Only the Beecher morals are correct;  
And yet in this strange story she is fain  
To make the "auri sacra fames" be  
The "sacra fames"—of obscenity.

## V.

I never was a moral man, I know,—  
I did some things were far beyond defending;  
For Virtue always was so cursèd slow,  
I flew to Vice, just as my soul was mending,  
And I am rightly punished: Mrs. Stowe,  
Sensation and obscenity so blending,  
Has scatter'd lies with dirty prodigality,  
And made me blacker even than reality.

## VI.

If you throw dirt enough some dirt must cling,  
And this poor sland'rer has thrown *quantum suff*:  
A woman's avarice is an awful thing,  
When she makes more by slander than by puff.  
We know how feathers from the peacock's wing  
The jackdaws stole—a foolish trick enough:  
Thank heaven the loss of feathers doesn't hurt,  
But Stowe's contrived to cover mine with dirt.

## VII.

"Fatalis incestusque judex" she  
As Horace says,\* (I ought to change the gender,)  
"Et mulier peregrina" that to me  
A comfort is. My fame needs no defender,  
E'en in America, I think they'll see  
The falsehoods uttered by this base pretender,  
Who's heap'd upon me such a huge indignity,  
With fatuous, foolish, feminine malignity.

\* Horace, Lib. iii., Car. iii. 19.

VIII.

Sweet to the blushing bride a husband's kiss,  
Sweet to the old man dreams of youthful vigour,  
Sweet to the virgin thoughts of love's new bliss,  
Sweet is the hope of freedom to the nigger.  
But sweeter far in spite of public hiss  
To H. B. S. the cheque—a handsome figure  
Her publisher will pay—game worth the candle,  
For sheets befoul'd with literary scandal.

IX.

O woman! if by any sad mischance  
You have to judge another, with what malice  
You do the work; Queen Eleanor's stern glance  
Was harder to poor Rosamund than the chalice.  
You look upon sweet sinners eyes askance :  
No matron would forgive th' ingenuous. Alice  
In Bulwer's story, who with smiles so winning  
Confest she rather liked a state of sinning.

## X.

My Sister! thy sweet soul has pass'd away  
Where all this foul aspersion hurts thee not;  
Pure in the pure realms of eternal day,  
Thy heart is free from every earthly spot.  
Of no avail the words that sland'ers say,  
The fair escutcheon of thy fame to blot.  
Curs'd be the greedy publishers who gave  
This literary jackal to thy grave.

## XI.

By all the memories of our guileless love,  
By that fair child who bore thine honour'd name,  
I charge thee, if the dead can speak, to prove  
The wilful falsehood of this tale of shame!  
Full well this ghoul knows that no lie can move  
The dead to any word of praise or blame;  
Thy sweet soul sleeps, and while the worlds endure  
The prurient always will traduce the pure.

## XII.

I care not for myself, my fame is far  
Beyond this dull reviler's power to dim ;  
My Sister shone before her as a star  
Shines purely o'er the young moon's crescent rim.  
She wish'd our reputations both to tar  
With the same foul brush ; 'twas a worthy whim  
Of her who white-wash'd hosts of fetid niggers,  
To take such pains to blacken both our figures.

## XIII.

My Wife had faults enough ; but this I know,  
She never would have trusted such a story  
To one whose sense of honour was so low,  
That she would use it thus to gain the glory,  
The dubious fame a lewd world will bestow  
On her who opens out an ancient sore. I  
Take leave to doubt this confidence auricular,  
In every painful, purient particular.

## XIV.

Why did Tom Moore destroy the words I left :

I'd told *my* story plainly in my Journal ;  
Of home, of wife, and of my child bereft,  
I suffered sorrow and despair eternal.  
And now across the strange sad warp and weft  
Of my wild life, with subtlety infernal,  
Is sent this blackest thread of sin and shame  
To damn for ever and to blast my name.

## XV.

My Wife, 'tis well known, had hallucinations,  
And what she thought of me I scarce can tell ;  
I daresay that I caused her great vexations,—  
Perhaps I didn't treat her quite as well  
As husbands should whatever be their stations.  
Marriage is sometimes like rehearsing hell ;  
But this I know, she ne'er was so demented  
To tell this tale which Stowe must have invented.

XVI.

Thank Heaven ! 'tis not from English hands the blow  
Has come that makes me worse than any devil ;  
Will Massachusetts boast of Mrs. Stowe ?

Who's tried to bring me down to such a level,  
That those who dared to love me now may know,  
(Though they forgave wine, womankind, and revel,)  
There's one thing that must raise their virtuous  
dander,  
That is, if they believe salacious slander.

XVII.

'Tis said I woke one memorable morn  
And found that I was famous ; speedily  
I knew myself the target for all scorn.  
Men called me infamous ; (the Lord knows why.)  
What laurels this rude woman may have worn  
I know not, but this deed of infamy,  
This lewd, loquacious, literary antic,  
Should blast them on both sides of the Atlantic.

## XYIII.

Anacreon Moore, whose pretty lines we've read,  
About the Dismal Swamp, that great morass,  
Speaks of a youth who lost his heart and head  
For love, and thereby proved he was an ass.  
In one of the Stowe's stories (is it "Dred"?)

*Her* foul canoe she paddles there;\* she'll pass  
Henceforth 'mong men in city, field, or camp,  
The "damn'd Witch Sycorax" of the Dismal Swamp.

## XIX.

I had an ancestor, he roam'd the ocean,  
And plunder from far lands no doubt brought back,  
And he'd such luck, the sailors had a notion  
He found bad weather upon every tack:  
And so they dubb'd him, from the sea's commotion,  
"Rough-weather," with his Christian name of  
"Jack."

He never found, as I have (storm to thicken),  
In Stowe, so strange a Mother Carey's Chicken.

\* *Vide* MOORE'S Poem, *passim*.



XX.

O Caledonia, by wild breezes fann'd,  
I've loved thy moorland stretching mile on mile,  
Where once Queen Mary ruled with graceful hand,  
Where men still bless the great Duke of Argyle.  
My Murray, thou wert Scotch; now from the land  
A Scot has come my blazon to defile.  
I pilloried many a Scot with "paltry Pillans,"—  
So won't waste shot and powder on *Macmillans*.

XXI.

One would live on for ever, but a bore  
One's life becomes ere many years roll on;  
And yet a man must feel a little sore  
To think how he will suffer when he's gone.  
"Nil nisi bonum," said the men of yore,  
"De mortuis," but now one's tomb upon  
Folks write foul words; in fact, there's no denying  
There's something very dangerous in dying.

## XXII.

Enough. I leave to all men's scorn the lie  
This insult to the living and the dead;  
'Twas a proud task for woman's hands to try  
To heap defilement on a woman's head.  
The Stowe had scarcely dared to prate, had I  
Been living, but where'er her words are read  
Deep execrations must her name environ  
Who dares to meddle with me.

*"Crede*

BYRON."

HADES, MDCCCLXIX.



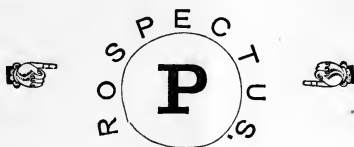
*On Saturday, October 16th, will be Published Number 1,*

**PRICE TWOPENCE, PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED,**

OF

# "THE PERIOD:"

A WEEKLY REFLEX OF WHAT IS GOING ON.



*"A Peck of Peas."*

**"THE PERIOD,"** a Pungent, Pictorial Publication, will Polish Popular Politicians Politely;—Pommel Pretentious Parliamentary Partisans;—Punish Pestilent Persons Preaching Pattern Progress Principles;—Proscribe Preposterous Prerogatives and Prevalent Prejudices;—Pillory Puffed-up Pretenders;—Properly Protect Pains-taking Persevering People;—Pepper Pecuniary Peculators and Pettifogging Practitioners;—Pooh-pooh Pompous, Presuming, Purse-proud Parvenus;—Paralyze Pestilent Poltroons, Peevish Prudes, Presumptuous Puppies, Peccant Prodigals, Prosy Praters, Precocious Prattlers, Prurient Profligates, Pampered Parasites, Petty Perturbators and Parsimonious Parochials;—Put down Paltry Prolix Publications;—Promptly Praise Pithy Productions;—Pertinaciously Promulgate Practical Precepts;—Punctually Patronize Playhouses, Pitilessly Pulling Pointless Performances and Pilfering Playwrights to Pieces;—Pertinently Propound Perplexing Paradoxes;—Publish Peculiarly Piquant Pictures, Portraying Princely Palaces, Picturesque Pageants, Powerful Potentates, and Popular Pets;—Print Periodically in its Perspicuous Pages, Pleasing Prose, Priceless Poems, Playful Puns, Popular Parodies, and Political Pasquinades—Products of Pen and Pencil.

PRINCES, PEERS, PATRICIANS, PLEBS!

PRELATES, PARSONS, POETS, PLAYERS!

PATRIOTS, PAUPERS, PRIGS, POLICEMEN!

PHILOSOPHERS, PHILANTHROPISTS, PHARISEES AND PUBLICANS!——

**PURCHASE "THE PERIOD!"**

**Quarterly Subscription 3s. 3d., sent post-free.**

*May be ordered of all Booksellers and at all Railway Bookstalls.*

OFFICES: 183, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

# GIRL OF THE PERIOD MISCELLANY.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

## Contents of No. 1—MARCH.

THE Editorial Sanctum (*Illustrated*).—The Modern Sphinx (*Illustrated*).—What is the Girl of the Period for? (*Illustrated*).—The County Ball (*Double-page Cartoon*).—The Country-house Festive Season.—William Ewart Gladstone—What of Him?—Miss Mary Roseneath's Wedding.—Girls who Play (*Four Illustrations*).—The Croquet Girl, the Nautical Girl, the Hunting Girl, the Archery Girl.—Girls who Work (*Four Illustrations*).—The Ballet Girl, the Lady's Maid, the Refreshment-bar Girl, the Sewing-machine Girl.—Irish Girls of the Period :—No. 1. Dublin Darlings.—The Graces of the Period (*Illustrated*).—Private Theatricals (*Illustrated*).—The Three Modern Witches (*Illustrated*):—Fashion, Folly, Ugliness.—The Wooing and the Winning; or, the Best and the Worst of Him.—Awfully Nice.—Comparing Valentines (*Illustrated*).

## Contents of No. 2—APRIL.

THE Irony of the Situation.—The Abyssinian Girl of the Period (*Illustrated*).—Lines by a Girl of the Future to a Girl of the Period.—March Winds (*Illustrated*).—April Showers (*Illustrated*).—Scotch Girls of the Period :—No. 1. The Maids of "Modern Athens."—Lines on a Baby at Dessert.—The "House of Business Young Lady" (*Illustrated*).—Women's Spelling.—The Grumbler :—No. 1. Domestic Trials.—No. 2. A Real Case of Distress.—The Inter-University Boat-race (*Double Cartoon and Four Illustrations*).—The Ritualistic Girl (*Cartoon*).—AdVERTISEMENT.—To Miss Echo, on Editing.—My Duties towards Society.—On Reading the "Dublin Darling."—Servant-Girlism of the Period (*Two Illustrations*).—Contributions to a Dictionary of the Future.

## Contents of No. 3—MAY.

THE Education of Women.—May Flowers (*Illustrated*).—American Girls of the Period :—No. 1. The New Yorker.—The Hon. Blanche Beaugard on the Ritualistic (*Illustrated*).—A Muscular Maiden (*Cartoon*).—Irish Girls of the Period :—No. 2. Cork Coquettes.—The Modern Bonnet Question (*Illustrated*).—The Royal Academy Exhibition (*Double Cartoon*).—The Mantalini of the Period.—London Girls of the Period :—No. 1. Girls of the West End (*Illustrated*).—The Evangelical Girl of the Period.—The Grumbler.—Pen-and-ink Sketches :—No. 1. Velocipedomania in Paris (*Cartoon*).—Contributions to a Dictionary of the Future.—The Belle from the Ball (*Illustrated*).

## Contents of No. 4—JUNE.

THE Plain Gold Ring :—No. 1. False Assumptions about Love and Marriage.—June Roses (*Illustrated*).—Æsculapius in Petticoats.—French Girls of the Period :—La Parisienne. 1. Her Childhood (*Two Illustrations*).—Presented at Court (*Cartoon*).—"Somebody else's Darling!"—All about the Derby.—*Double Cartoon and Nine Illustrations*).—The Fast Smoking Girl of the Period (*Illustrated*).—Modern Irish Melodies :—No. 2, 3.—Contributions to a Dictionary of the Future.—Pets of the Period :—No. 1. Pug Dogs (*Three Illustrations*).

## Contents of No. 5—JULY.

THE Plain Gold Ring :—No. 2. Pretty Women and Plain Women.—Promenades of the Period :—No. 1. The Crystal Palace (*Illustrated*).—Who wins the Gloves?—In Strawberry Time : A July Lyric (*Illustrated*).—French Girls of the Period :—La Parisienne. 2. Her Youth (*Two Illustrations*).—Scotch Girls of the Period :—No. 2. Edina Contrasted.—Physiology of the Ladies' Mile (*Double-Cartoon*).—On a Pug Dog, by Name Cupid: His Habits and Ways (*Illustrated*).—The Girl of the Period Art Student (*Cartoon*).—Pretty Horse-Breakers (*Illustrated*).—Pretty Heart-Breakers (*Illustrated*).—Miss Polly Glott's Dictionary of the Future.—The Complaint of a Marrying Man.—Girls of Past Periods :—No. 1. The Girl of the Elizabethan Period (*Illustrated*).

## Contents of No. 6—AUGUST.

THE Plain Gold Ring :—No. 3. Old and Young.—An August Picnic (*Illustrated*).—The Chaperone of the Period.—A Lady's Remonstrance : Addressed to the Lords of Creation.—French Girls of the Period :—La Parisienne. 3. Her Introduction to Society (*Illustrated*).—"The Frenchman of the Period."—Prize Chignons from "The Horticultural" (*Nine Illustrations*).—My Chignon (*Two Illustrations*).—The Factory Girl of the Period.—American Girls of the Period :—No. 2. The Yankee.—Society on the Wing (*Double-Cartoon, and Five Illustrations*).—Tourist Girls of the Period :—No. 1. The Climbing Girl (*Four Illustrations*).—The Dead-Lock of Wedlock.—Musical Amateurs of the Period (*Cartoon*).—Athletic Girls of the Period (*Illustrated*).—Contributions to a Dictionary of the Future.—Girls of Past Periods :—No. 2. Girl of the Period of Queen Anne (*Illustrated*).

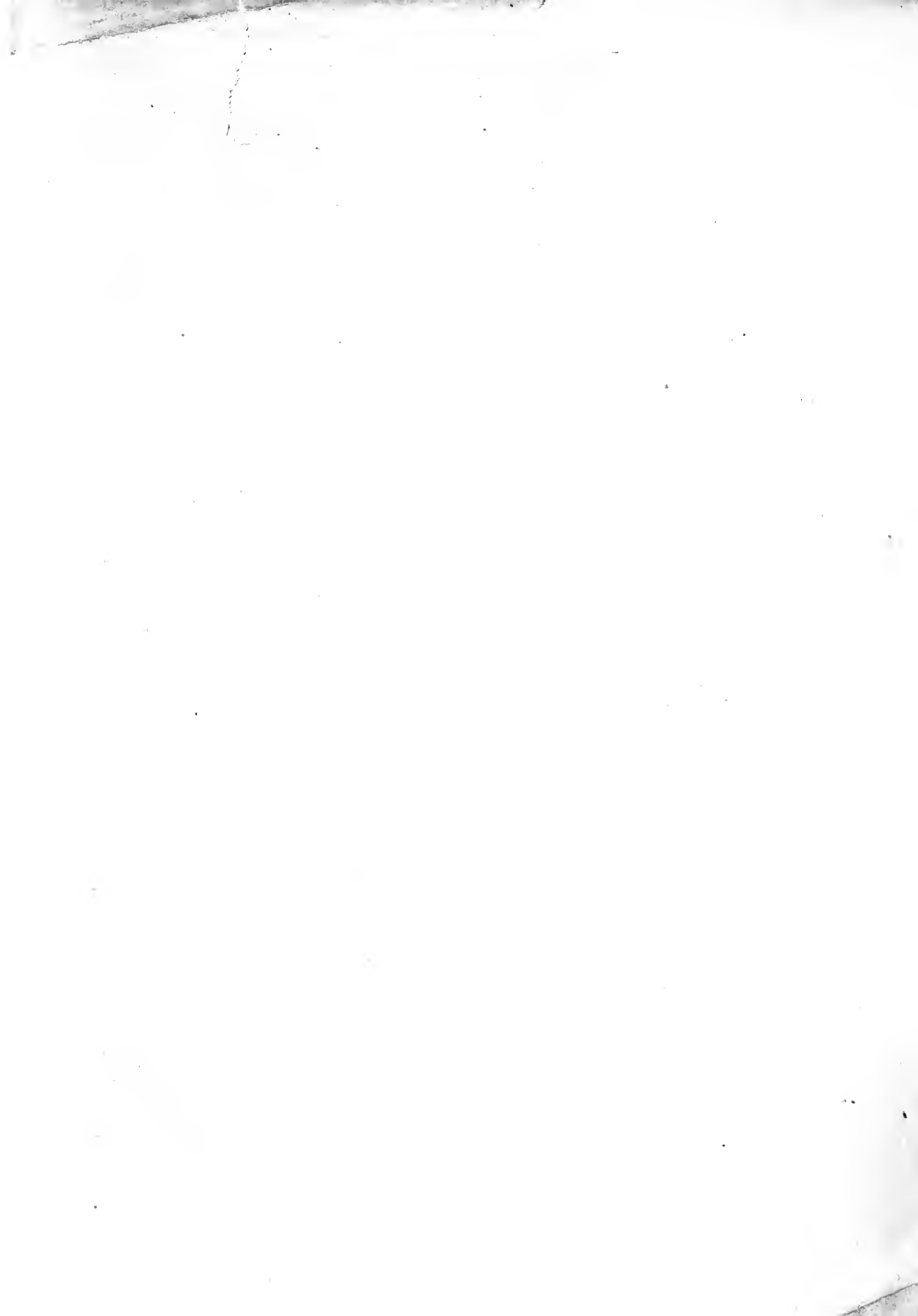
## Contents of No. 7—SEPTEMBER.

THE Plain Gold Ring :—No. 4. Old Style and New Style.—Yachting : A September Song (*Illustrated*).—Maids of the Mallet (*Three Illustrations*).—The Welsh Girl of the Period.—The Governess of the Period (*Illustrated*).—Tourist Girls of the Period :—No. 2. The Siren (*Double Cartoon and Six Illustrations*).—French Girls of the Period :—La Parisienne. 4. Love and Marriage (*Illustrated*).—"Peeping Toms" (*Illustrated*).—How I Manage on £200 a Year.—Miss Polly Glott's Dictionary of the Future.—Nutting (*Illustrated*).

OLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND AT RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS.

OFFICES : 183, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

\*\* Any Number will be sent post-free by the Publisher for Seven Stamps.





PR  
4382  
L59

Lord Byron's defence in the  
matter of the Stowe scandal

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

